

THE PIONEER'S CHRISTMAS.

The first Christmas that I seem to remember fully has a wonderful quality to me. Like a picture by Rembrandt it has but one side defined, the other melts away into shadows—luminous shadows, where faint light pulses across and lures the forgetful gaze on into the unfathomable, where beginnings lie hidden.

The first I recall of my first Christmas I am riding behind my parents in a huge sleigh, amid high snow-drifts, sculptured into strange forms. It is growing dusk. Before us in a similar sleigh my young uncle, a clerk in city, is leaning forward. I can see him outlined against the dull, orange sky. He stands erect, holding the reins of his swiftly-moving horse in one of his powerful hands; occasionally he shouts back to my father, who is huddled in a thick buffalo-skin coat. My mother is only another figure wrapped in shadows.

My sister and brother are beside me under the blankets on the straw. My brother is asleep, but I am on my uncle's neck, looking ahead. I see now my uncle's head on the dull orange snow-drifts between two deep purple banks of trees. That is the place where the road pierces the woods, suddenly, with rush of wind and jangle of bells, we enter the darkness of the forest, and the road begins to climb.

I cannot remember much after that; I suppose I grew sleepy. I have a dim memory of climbing hills, of the equal of sleigh-runners over bridges, and of the gurgle of ice-bound water, but it is all faded with dreams.

I was roused at last by the vigorous touch of my uncle and his lean arm on my shoulder. "Wake up, pay's a loggin'!" I looked up and

Voices cried to me out of the cold and ill-luminated hillland forests—voices that pleaded and wept:

"Oh let me in, for I'm cold!"

My uncle's handsome face grew sad, somehow, in the midst of happiness. He forgot his young wife and sister; his eyes looked away into storms, the future seemed to menace him.

He stopped abruptly, and put his violin in its box as if to hide his emotion. His father broke the silence with an abrupt sigh:

"Well, well! Look here, 's time you youngsters climbed the stairs, Becky, where do these fellows go?"

"Aunt Rebecca looked at us reflectively. 'Well, now, I don't know. I guess we need to make a bed here on the floor.'"

"Goody!" cried my mother, "then we'll see Santa Claus."

The older people looked at each other and smiled. With the indifferent air of one who has a perfect understanding of it all, I knew it to be so.

"Mighty little you'll see of Santa Claus tonight," said my aunt. "He can't go down here such a night as this."

For once in my life I was to be able to hang up my stockings before a fireplace, and I retrieved my waning enthusiasm. Mother, with her abounding drollery, hung up the big stocking which went over her shoes. Everybody laughed at everybody's joke, and soon everything was arranged for the night.

I felt the illimitable presence of the great forests to the north. To my child-mind this cabin was like a shipset in gray sea would sail to me now. All I knew of the world was in the tales my father told. The road

YOUNG FOLKS.

Notice to Santa Claus.

BY ROBBIE.

Don't want much from Santa:
Only chocolate cars;
And a half a dozen
Chocolate cigars;
And a bag of marbles;
And a lot of books;
And a pair of mittens;
Lines, and ball hawks;
Half a dozen sets of
Stones and wooden blocks;
Dime pounds of candy
Done up in a box;
Three or four small steamboats;
Ten or twenty cents;
And a small toy farmyard
Rounded by a fence;
One small bottle of alloy;
Suit to soldier clothes;
Music box and a clock;
Punch and Judy shows;
Bow and arrow; also,
Possibly, a gun;
And a party blower;
Would be lots of fun;
Elephants and lions
That would roar and roar,
After being winded,
Up and down the floor.
These, and several others,
Hanging on the tree,
For a sort of offering,
Be enough for me.

His First Christmas.

So this is Christmas! I don't know exactly what Christmas is, but it seems to be something very nice. They say it comes once a year, but so far as I can see, it only comes once in a lifetime—at least this is the first time that it has come in all my life. Christmas seems to consist of a great many things that seem to last quite a long time. This one has lasted an entire day. At first I thought Christmas was just a kiss which my mamma gave me when I woke up, because she said, "This is Christmas, dearie." Then I thought it was a stocking that my mamma had hung by the fireplace the night before, and which she took down quite full of funny things this morning.

There was a lovely silver rattle with little bells, and when I shook it, it went "ting-a-ling-ling-ling-a-ling." I played with it a long time, and I heard mamma say "it was so quiet of grandma to send it to me; it kept me quiet for almost an hour." I did not know I had been making a noise, but I supposed I didn't always know. Then there was a stick with a funny little man that went up and down. It made me scream every time he jumped. When it was time for my nap and mamma put me in my little crib, I kept thinking of it all the time, and just how I looked, and I thought I should never go to sleep. When I woke up I had a nice drink of milk and a little piece of sugar. "Because it was Christmas," mamma said. I told her the sugar on the table a great many times before, so I didn't see how that could be Christmas.

A little while after that I had a pain that made me cry very hard, because it hurt, and mamma had to walk up and down, and up and down with me for a long time. That part was very nice, for I like to be walked. First I thought the pain might be in my head, but I remembered I had had that kind of a pain a great many times before. My mamma said she thought it was the sugar, but I didn't think that was so good as sugar could make me feel so bad.

I was taken down stairs, and put on the floor in the parlor. I liked that, for I could do what I wanted. The only thing I couldn't do was to fall off, and that was all the better for me and my poor little head.

Pretty soon I heard a noise in the hall, and in a few minutes some big boys and girls came into the room. They looked so big! I was afraid at first they would not see me, and that I might get hurt, so I crawled away over to the corner. Mamma came and said, "You don't need to be afraid, and you don't need to be alone." I did not think I had been alone! I thought I had gotten on very well when there were so many big people around, and I was very glad they had left me alone. My how many there were! I had never seen so many before, and they all looked so beautiful.

Mamma held me on her lap, and they all came up and said, "How do you do?" and "Merry Christmas" to me. I thought it was very good of them, and that all these little boys and girls must be "Christies." One little girl kissed me, and I didn't cry. She had a great deal of hair; it was very pretty. I think I heard her ask where my hair was; but perhaps she couldn't see it. I know my hair is very nice, for mamma says so every morning when she brushes it with my little brush. There was one very big boy. I thought he was splendid and wished I was like him. He didn't want to speak to me and cried a little. I thought he had a pain like mine, and I was glad he had a nice mamma like mine to take care of him. Then there were two big girls. I thought I thought there was one, and then I thought there were two. I couldn't make out how many there were, because they all looked just alike. I never saw so many little girls like before. They had on lovely blue ribbons like mine. I can't think when I go out, and they looked at me as though they liked me very much. One or two of them held me for a little while, and I didn't move for fear of falling off; I said she held me on was so small. I think I liked her better than any one. They were so big.

I was just beginning to get used to so many big people when some one pulled the curtain, and there was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I cried at first—I could not help it—but my mamma held me very tight and told me not to cry, that it was the "Christmas tree." Then I saw it was a tree! And all the trees I saw in the square when I went out in my carriage were Christmas! I couldn't make it out, and it made me cry some more. This tree was not like the other trees; it had little lights all over it, and it had apples, and apples, and dainties, and dainties, and a little baby smaller than me on the top. That little baby did not cry, so I tried very hard to be good, too. The big boys and girls jumped up and down and clapped their hands, and I think they liked it very much. Then they all danced around it, and sang pretty songs. My mamma played on the piano, and held me on her lap all the time.

After that she said she thought it was time for me to go to bed, and she held me up in her arms and I snook a "day-day" to all the big boys and girls, and some of them came up and kissed me again. Then my mamma and I had a nice time up in the nursery, and I thought that everything that had happened all day must be Christmas. The next morning I woke up and I thought about it, and I didn't make me feel better.

The last thing I thought just as I dropped off to sleep, all tucked up in my little crib, was what a very nice thing Christmas is, and how glad I was I had lived to see it.—Harper's Young People.

PLUNGED TO THE BOTTOM.

A Steamer Went Down With All Hands in Mid-Ocean.

A London special says—The steamer Mangara, which arrived at Shields today, reports that off Ohant she saw a steamer in distress and sinking. A man on board the steamer was turning a flare signal, and the Mangara was asked to send a searchlight to the sinking vessel. Suddenly the steamer plunged to the bottom, stem foremost, and the Mangara was unable to save her crew. The name of the lost steamer has not been ascertained.

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WILL BENEFIT CANADIAN FARMERS.

For This Reason Congressmen Along the Border Object to the Tariff Changes.

A Washington, D.C., special says—The Congressmen along the Canadian border are becoming quite aggressive in their efforts to modify the agricultural schedule of the proposed new tariff bill, which is now before the Ways and Means committee. They are objecting to the usual claim that the reductions in that schedule will benefit the Canadian and injure the American farmer. Don Dickinson, who is very near to the President, has informed some of the Democratic leaders, including 50 members of the Ways and Means committee, that if the agricultural schedule shall be enacted as agreed upon there need no longer be any question of a Democratic majority in Michigan. A statement has just been filed with the Ways and Means committee designed to show that the bill will greatly benefit Canada and injure the United States, but Chairman Wilson remains firm in his position to abolish or reduce these duties on long lines of Canadian products. The following are some of the points of this statement, which will be discussed in the Ways and Means committee: The average rate of wages paid to farm hands is 32 per cent. higher than the average in Canada. This difference in the value of land and the amount of capital employed, etc., causes a difference of 18 per cent. in the cost of production. The average rate of wages paid to farm hands is 32 per cent. higher than the average in Canada. This difference in the value of land and the amount of capital employed, etc., causes a difference of 18 per cent. in the cost of production. The average rate of wages paid to farm hands is 32 per cent. higher than the average in Canada. This difference in the value of land and the amount of capital employed, etc., causes a difference of 18 per cent. in the cost of production.

An Adventure with a Hackee.

A Story in "Dictionary Language."

Being excited, exasperated, and an amiable fond of incessant fish and brogling, with an insatiable desire for the annihilation of care, I took a punt and descended therefrom in a saucy gale. The boat being smooth, I felt I could venture with impunity, as I was familiar with the obnoxious river. Having brogled without result, I rowed toward an eyot, intending merely to quibble when I suddenly saw a hackee. Wishing to capture him, I decided to remain on my boat and take him unawares. Landing, I dived myself under the hackee's derelict, and skulged behind a tree, occasionally protruding my nose.

Seizing a stick, I awaited the caput. When the neb appeared, I leagued him. The hackee, which is pedimorous, tried to climb the bole. He seemed sheepish, and I suspected him of some mischery, especially as his cheeks seemed amputated. I caught him by the tail, and he skidded. Though he was speckled, I held on with redoubt, and tried finally to sowle him. The hackee looked sowned and tried to ayle. I belabored him and he cepled, making vigorous opposition, and evidently longing for divagation.

Thence I proceeded to an agricultural tract, and I dropped the hackee and I scowled him, but dropped him because he scratched so. I vowed to exangulate him when caught.

Borrowing a fazeolet, I tried to yend it over the hackee's head, as a means of attack. The agriculturalist aided. He was not attractive, assuming capricious and not unlike a picacon. He had a siphunculated dinner-pail, which looked as if he had been battering it while puging. But with a stick and some string he made a gun, and tried to make the water-bug hiss. This caused quenching by the hackee, who seized the agriculturalist's hallex. Thus exasperated, the agriculturalist captured the hackee, without any misgivings; but he glouted over the bite, and his rage was not quelled until the hackee had said "Carrying it to the high way, I said into a queerly spot, which delayed me until the gale obliterated the sky."

While removing the pelage, I found the rich somewhat old, because the swinker had leagued the hackee, and so I yended the agriculturalist. Carrying it to the high way, I said into a queerly spot, which delayed me until the gale obliterated the sky.

A WOMAN'S TRIALS.

A Happy Release From Years of Suffering.

Mr. Blondin relates a story of deep interest to all women. Thousands of whom suffer as she did. Life was almost unbearable.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

Since the publication in these columns some months ago of the particulars of the marvellous cure wrought on Mr. William Moore by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, there has been a large increase of demand for the many little book which reports an immense sale. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess genuine merit does not admit of a shadow of doubt. Not a week passes that cures of long standing are not reported, and the agency of this marvellous remedy, and columns might be filled with the experiences of persons who have been restored to vigorous health by reason of their life-giving properties. A very noticeable case has been brought to our notice by the Freeholder, and the facts might be given for the benefit of other suffering mortals we have taken the trouble to verify them.

Everybody in Cornwall knows John B. Blondin, who has for several years been employed by the Cornwall Freeholder as agent for the sale of sewing machines, furniture, etc., especially among the French section of the town, where he is thoroughly acquainted and highly respected. Those who were intimate with Mr. Blondin sympathized deeply with him in his affliction, and he suffered for many years in the continued illness of his wife, who from a complication of diseases was unable to render any but the slightest assistance in household matters, which were left to be made by the small children. Mr. Blondin, at that time lived in the north-west part of the town, for lack of drainage is rather unhealthy, and to the bad sanitary condition of his house, among the other causes, Mr. Blondin attributes his wife's breakdown. Mr. Blondin now resides over the old post office, and when the reporter called there he was introduced to Mrs. Blondin, who appeared well and hearty and certainly very far removed from the wreck of humanity such as she must have been from all accounts, a few months ago.

"I wish you could tell me something about your case, Mrs. Blondin," said the reporter, "though I should hardly think from your looks you had been an invalid."

"Well, Mrs. Blondin," "I was for several years a very sick woman. I had a constant running headache, no appetite, my skin was dry and peeling off, I had pains in my back, neck and shoulders, and was constantly tired and indeed very miserable."

"You," interrupted Mr. Blondin, "I began to give up all hope of ever seeing her well again. I had spent a good deal of money in doctoring and she seemed to be getting worse instead of better, in fact I had made up my mind she was going to

die, and most people were of the same opinion."

"What was it that cured her?" "Well," said Mrs. Blondin, "I was talking to a neighbor one day, and he said why don't you try those Pink Pills that are so much talked about? I had not paid much attention to them, but thought they might be worth trying."

"I didn't want to take any more medicine," said Mrs. Blondin, "but after some persuasion I sent for a box of the Pink Pills and I must say I had not finished the first box before I began to feel better. The first benefit I experienced was that my headaches were not so severe; then they disappeared altogether and with them the pains in my back, neck and shoulders. I had been complaining of it for a long time, and was able to send the children to school again. My neighbors noticed the difference, and by the time I had taken five boxes I was as well as ever in my life. I had been very thin but gradually regained flesh and strength again, and feel altogether like a new woman. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends and neighbors and know of several cases where they have done much good. There are many women suffering who I did and I earnestly recommend them to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a thorough trial."

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis, or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, or upon a general debility. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sickly cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases of nervous debility in any form, one of the most common causes of nervous debility or weakness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$1.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

"I have a felon on my thumb," "I have thirty or forty on my hands," "No sense," "It's a fact. I'm the warden of a prison."

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"I positively will not use cosmetics," said a lady to the writer, "yet my complexion is so bad that it occasions me constant mortification. What can I do to get rid of these dreadful blotches?" "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," was my prompt reply. "Your complexion indicates that you are suffering from functional derangements. Remove the cause of the blotches and your cheeks will soon wear the hue of health. The 'Favorite Prescription' is a wonderful remedy for all diseases of the female system. Its proprietors guarantee to return the money if it does not give satisfaction. But it never fails. Try it. The lady followed my advice, and now her complexion is as clear as a baby's, and she enjoys better health than she has for many years."

To permanently cure constipation, biliousness and headache take Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure.

Host—"I hate to send you out in such a blustering night as this, old fellow."

Guest—"It is raining pretty hard. I say, couldn't you loan me your umbrella?"

Host—"Certainly; and—I guess I'll walk home with you myself. I really need the exercise."

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Know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It is a wonderful cure for corns.

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talent." "You're right there." "Why, I could listen to her all night." "I often do."

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